

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, July 13, 1867.



(Drawn by B. BRADLEY.)

"Minnie had forgotten all her sorrow now."—p. 677.

## MINNIE'S TRUST.—II.

BY K. S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF "ELINOR DRYDEN'S PROBATION," ETC.

**M**R. RUDDICK had grown very pale, but not so white as his listener.

"I cannot help feeling ill-used," he was saying.

"I don't want to make any boast of it, but your

aunt would not have had a fraction saved from the failure but for me; and I tell you plainly, I did it for your sake and not for hers; I would do anything for you, Miss Seymour."

"Then be generous now," burst impulsively from Minnie; "cease your visits here, and then my aunt will leave me in peace"—for in making her a second proposal, he had assured her he had Miss Ailson's full sanction.

"No, that I won't!" he said, emphatically—the superficial refinement love had taught deserting him in this expression of vehement feeling. "I consider I have been badly treated between you, and you owe me amends. I asked you to be my wife; you refused me, and I then asked you to take time and consider it. You offered no opposition; on the contrary, you have shown me far greater kindness and gentleness than you did before—see what a rough, unmannered brute I am, to make you cry. Oh, Minnie! my darling, if you only knew how I love you!—how the very thought of losing you is driving me mad!—you would forgive me. Won't you love me—can't you? Tell me how I can change myself to please you—I will do anything. I will wait any time you please, if you will only promise, one day, to be my wife."

His vehemence had frightened her; but these impassioned words spoke so truly her own feelings for Martin, that they moved her deeply.

She looked up at him; he seemed afraid to let her answer till he had pleaded all his cause.

"Let me just say this: you are very young, love is new to you, and it may be my violence frightens you. If you will only give me a word of hope, you will see how quiet and calm I can be; oh, Minnie! you do not know your power."

But Minnie rose up from the sofa. When first Mr. Ruddick spoke he had taken her hand, and she had withdrawn it. Now, moved by intensest pity for the suffering she understood so well, and yet, alas! was so powerless to alleviate, she took his hand between both hers.

"Mr. Ruddick, you are a good kind man, and you deserve a better lot than to have wasted your love on a girl like me. Do not think me ungrateful—such a love is a true prize for any woman, but it must have love in exchange—pray listen to me: I am not what you take me for; all the love I had to give was gone long before I ever saw you. I——"

She stopped suddenly; the anger in his face frightened her.

"Did your aunt know this?" He spoke very sternly.

"Yes; but she hoped I should forget."

"I don't care what she hoped; she has used me shamefully, and she shall know what I think of her conduct. Not now; don't be alarmed,"—he lowered his voice as Miss Ailson came in—"you shall not be annoyed, Miss Seymour."

He went away abruptly, without saying good-bye to either of them.

"What is this, Minnie?"—Miss Ailson looked

frightened, and angry too—"have you offended Mr. Ruddick?"

"I have only told him the truth, aunt; he asked me to love him, and I told him of my love for Martin."

"How dared you? how could you commit such folly? do you know that you have ruined us? if it had not been for Mr. Ruddick we should have starved."

"All the more reason for not deceiving him," said Minnie, indignantly; "aunt, you could not wish me to tell him a falsehood?"

"I want you to use common sense, and give up this idle unwomanly sentimentalism about a man who is very likely by this time married to some one else; I am ashamed of you, Minnie."

Minnie argued and protested, but in vain; her aunt maintained that she had acted wrongly, that Mr. Ruddick would be sure to withdraw the aid he had hitherto afforded—and this was nearly all their living—in fact, she did not see how they could continue to accept it, for, of course, the poor man had been deceived throughout by a hope of making Minnie his wife. Her voice grew loud and angry, and she ended by upbraiding her niece with ingratitude.

Minnie stood silent—it seemed as if an answer would only increase Miss Ailson's anger.

"But you cannot mean it; you cannot be so wicked and selfish as to sacrifice us both to what you yourself know is a delusion—a mere infatuated girl's fancy?"

She stopped, and looked fixedly at her niece.

"I am very sorry, aunt, but it seems to me that I ought never to have been content to be idle so long. You are better now, and can spare me during the day; let me try and get some daily employment as a governess, then you need not be dependent on any one."

"That is no answer to my question; it is an evasion, Minnie. I have never thought you idle, or wished to see my sister's child degrading herself to help me."

Minnie's self-control gave way.

"Oh! aunt, would it not be far more degrading if I broke faith with Martin; if I promised to be Mr. Ruddick's wife, all the while loving another man?"

Her aunt turned away haughtily; she would not permit Minnie's accustomed help in undressing. When they parted for the night, and Minnie offered to kiss her, she shook her head.

"No," she said, coldly, "I only ask one proof of love. I know I am not a person calculated to win much; all I want now is obedience to my wishes, and conquest over your own self-will."

"Her own self-will!" Minnie felt these words keenly; and yet, though she sat up long into the night thinking over them, she could not acknow-

ledge their truth. If her aunt willed it so, she would not marry Martin during her lifetime; but she could not think it was her duty to break faith with him, unless he released her himself, and even then—"No—no—no," she said, firmly; "let what will happen, I must always trust in him, and I can never love any one else."

She came down early next morning. She made breakfast, placed her aunt's chair, and waited anxiously for her appearance; she so hoped to find her in a more placable mood. She waited and waited; and then, thinking perhaps that Miss Ailson had had a disturbed night, she tapped gently at her door. No answer came. She knocked louder—no answer still; and she opened the door in an agony of terror. Her aunt lay, unable to speak or move. A second stroke of paralysis had seized her during the night—how long ago Minnie trembled to think. She had sat up some time after her niece left her; for on her table lay a well-filled envelope, sealed and addressed to "John Ruddick, Esq." It seemed best to send this off at once, and Mr. Ruddick arrived very soon after the doctor, who had been called in to see Miss Ailson. Mr. Ruddick looked surprised when Minnie came into the room.

"I did not wish to trouble you, Miss Seymour; your aunt has sent for me on a matter of business."

Minnie had kept up till now. She burst into tears, and told him what had happened. Mr. Ruddick was greatly moved.

"You will forget everything else, if you please, Miss Seymour, and let me help you, as if I were your brother."

He went down-stairs and told the landlady that, during Miss Ailson's illness, she had appointed him to settle her affairs, and that, therefore, all bills were to be given to him, instead of Miss Seymour.

The landlady stared, but she had noticed the frequency of his visits lately, and she at once decided that he must be Miss Seymour's intended husband.

At the end of a fortnight, Miss Ailson was better, and able to leave her room; but only by the united help of her niece and Mr. Ruddick; and the doctor had said that morning that he considered it very unlikely she would regain the use of her limbs. It was the first time Mr. Ruddick had seen the invalid, and while he sat chatting beside her sofa, Minnie stood at the window, thinking of the task that had been appointed her.

"I must give up all hope of earning money now," she said to herself; "and are we then really reduced to live on Mr. Ruddick's bounty? I feel as if I could not bear it. I wish I had known sooner how matters really stood." Presently she

went on—"Perhaps this is wrong; if it were Martin, and I were his wife, it would seem no obligation at all; and suppose he never comes, and for the rest of aunt's life we are to be dependent on this good kind man. How well he has behaved—how unworthily I judged him! If I only could get my heart free—" but the shudder that came with the thought checked her. It was one thing to feel gratitude and liking; but the idea of accepting his love caused a loathing which she knew would be invincible. "I am forgetting my trust," she said, "this fresh cloud is sent to try my faith—the sun shines brightly behind it, and if I am only patient—"

She had sat up many nights with her aunt, and had been unwearied in her attentions through the day. She seated herself in a low high-backed chair, and now, as the evening light faded quickly, her head drooped on one shoulder, her rosy lips parted, and soon the tired, over-wrought girl slept soundly. Her companions watched her in silence; but presently Mr. Ruddick whispered to Miss Ailson that he must bid her good evening, as he was engaged elsewhere.

"Will you help me to my room first?" she said. "Minnie will come to me when she wakes; but I am sure I am beyond her unaided strength now, and the girl who waits on us is so rough."

He took the helpless woman to her room, and stayed some few minutes talking to her earnestly. Neither of them heard a ring, and the street-door open and shut; but there were other lodgers in the house, so that if they had heard, they would not have wondered.

Minnie had been roused by her aunt's heavy movements, but she did not awake fully at once.

When she opened her eyes at last, the door was being opened by the landlady.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Seymour, a gentleman has just called, and he said I was to give you this card."

Was she awake even now? The room was going round with her, when she saw the name on the card.

"Ask him to come up-stairs at once." She did not know what she said, it was so hard to keep herself from running down to Martin Hunter.

"He is gone, miss."

"Gone!"

Her face puzzled the landlady. She was so convinced that Minnie would shortly become Mrs. Ruddick, that this agitation about another gentleman was surprising.

"Well, miss, he asked—the gentleman did—if you was engaged, and I said you was, partiklar; and he said—'Oh, I think Miss Seymour will see me;' and somehow, miss, you know I thought it was best to say that Mr. Ruddick was here, and that I thought he'd better call again."

"And what did he say?" Minnie felt as if her heart would break, under this suspense.

"Why, he said nothing; but he turned as red as fire, and went off without as much as saying good evening."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, you don't know what mischief you have made. You have no right to judge about my visitors."

Mrs. Jones bridled, and began a very saucy answer; but Mr. Ruddick's hand on her shoulder stopped her.

She told him her story in a very aggrieved fashion, and felt sure of his sympathy at least; but he only looked graver and paler than she had ever seen him look, and told her he wanted to be alone with Miss Seymour.

Minnie turned round and faced him. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed. Martin was alive—he was in England! She felt strung up to a desperate firmness.

"Minnie"—Mr. Ruddick's voice was so hoarse, so changed, that she hardly knew it—"I need not ask who this visitor is. You will need me no more now. I know how odious my presence must be; but I thank you, too, for not having yielded to my wishes. Till I saw your face, just now, I thought you might be deceiving yourself by some girlish fancy; but I cannot think so any longer. Good-bye, may God bless you, and reward you for your constancy." He kissed the hand she held out to him, and was going away; but Minnie called him back. She gave just one little ejaculation for guidance, and then she spoke—

"Mr. Ruddick, I know I am going to ask too much, but you are so good, that I am not afraid. You heard what this woman said. You see the mischief she has made. How can it be remedied? If it is not cleared, he will never come back."

He looked at her sadly enough, and then a bright smile spread over his face.

"My poor child," he said, "I ought to have known your feelings better. I was going away, making sure Mr. Hunter would be with you early to-morrow, and never considering the night of anxious waiting you might be spared. Don't go to bed too early," he smiled again, "and we'll see what can be done."

He was gone before she could speak a word of thanks. How good, how noble he was; and I believe for full five minutes Minnie thought more of her rejected lover than she did of Martin Hunter.

Meantime, Mr. Ruddick made his way to the docks. To his surprise, he found that no passenger-ship had arrived from Canton, but that one had come in that day from Sydney. He was turning away, when he thought he would go on board and inquire the names of the passengers. One of the first on the list was Martin Hunter. His

address was soon obtained, and hailing a cab, Mr. Ruddick hurried off to the hotel mentioned.

Mr. Hunter had gone out directly after his arrival, and had said he should probably return late.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the waiter, "here is the gentleman."

Mr. Ruddick saw coming in at the hall-door, a tall, foreign-looking man, not handsome, but so distinguished, both in person and manner, that his heart sank. How little chance he could ever have had with Minnie against such a memory as this!

Now that he found himself face to face with this rival, he seemed to hate him; he almost resolved not to do Minnie's errand, but the waiter intercepted his retreat.

"A gentleman for you, sir," he said to Hunter, indicating Mr. Ruddick with his table napkin. "Like a private room, sir?"

"Yes," said Ruddick. He must do it now: he wished he had never undertaken it. How did he know that this man loved Minnie as she ought to be loved? He might ill-treat her, and break her heart.

But they were alone together in the room, and Martin was looking at him, and he must speak.

"I come from Miss Seymour," he said.

Hunter reddened, and looked very haughty.

"My name is Ruddick. I am Miss Ailson's man of business; and the landlady being ignorant of your—your—"

"My engagement with Miss Seymour," said the young man.

"Exactly—told you, I believe, that the ladies could not be seen."

Hunter smiled.

"I dare say you will think me a captious, irritable fellow, Mr. Ruddick; but the woman's manner was so mysterious and significant, that—that—in short, I fancied the ladies did not want to see me. Then I may go back now. Do you think they will admit me so late?" he said, joyously.

"You can find out for yourself, I suppose."

His visitor spoke so roughly, so savagely, that Hunter started; but in a minute or two the other spoke again, not so roughly, but in a hard, suppressed voice.

"Go quickly. I hope you will prove worthy of her, and of her devoted constancy. Stuff! what am I saying? No man could be worthy of it."

He pushed past Martin's outstretched hand, and went away. He could bear up no longer. He could almost have wished the man, standing before him in a glow of joy and expectation, at the bottom of the broad ocean he had so lately traversed.

"I wrote to you more than once, my darling," said Martin Hunter, "on my way from Canton to Sydney. I believe letters sent in that way are hazardous, but I felt sure one must reach you."



I had staked so much on this new venture in Australia, and the issue seemed at first so doubtful, that I resolved not to tell you where I was going to, or for what. I merely said that, if I lived, I should reach England in September, and that, meantime, I might possibly be prevented from writing to you."

But Minnie had forgotten all her sorrow—all her long suspense. All that remained was a glad

thankfulness, and a more fervent trust than ever, that all had been sent in love.

And what became of Mr. Ruddick? I believe some years passed before he and Mrs. Hunter met again; but I know that even Aunt Patty is not more indulgent to the curly-headed boys and girls who have sprung up round Martin Hunter's fireside, than their ever-welcome visitor, Mr. Ruddick.

## RELIGIOUS DEPRESSION.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, M.A.

**M**Y soul cleaveth unto the dust," said the inspired author of Ps. cxix. He was not an unforgiven sinner, but one who uses bolder language of himself than most Christians would venture to employ: "I have chosen the way of truth, thy judgments have I laid before me." "I have not departed from thy judgments." Thus they are not expressive of conviction of sin, but of despondency, depression, gloom. And greatly as society and the Church have changed since then, the human heart remains unaltered. Such temptations and holy desires—such sorrows and joys as the Psalmist felt—are familiar to every Christian still. It is striking, surely, that while God's revelation of himself has brightened and expanded so amazingly, man's expressions to God have been always the same—the Book of Psalms has not lost ground like the Book of Leviticus. Still, as in the Jewish days, comes a chill upon the feelings, not from neglected duties only, but often from sickness, weary vigils by the painful couch of another, sinking spirits, yearning memories, baffled hopes. Weary times, when, instead of blissful enjoyment, we find but a painful desire, a hungry craving, an unsatisfied request. In such trouble of soul, and anguish of the frame, David spoke the words adopted by a more august Sufferer since: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Neither does prayer yield its wonted sweetness at such times, for the palsy of the soul is felt there also; and, instead of clear petitions, there seems only a dull sense of want—an aching void, we know not exactly where nor why; and, instead of speaking to a dear friend, we seem to drift helplessly on desolate waves, and cry to the void space and driving clouds, and only the shrill sea-birds answer, with a cry as unmeaning as our own.

Few temptations are more frightful than this, of striving to pray, and feeling no sense of access; seeking, and finding Him not. To believe without sight is something; but to believe without the

consciousness of repose and trust, because we know that he heareth us, whatever our weak hearts and dull sensations tell us, that is labour, that is toil, indeed; and in a very special sense such victory overcometh the world—not only the world outside, but also the world within us.

At such times the Bible has changed, too. One reads it, but there seems no life in those most living truths. "Yes," he says, "I know it all to be true; but it has lost its vitality, its energy, its aroma; words are only words; truths are abstract propositions; nothing stirs the great stone that has been rolled to the sepulchre door; neither does any angel come and sit upon it." Now, this is terrible indeed, to feel all holy life, energy, and power congealed and spell-bound; to exist only as men in a half-swoon have existed when the shroud was wrapped about them, and they strove in vain to shriek, and protest that they were not dead.

Now, if Satan draws near at such a time, and hisses his suggestions into the ear, we have a picture of nearly the most intense misery ever endured by any child of God. Such is the anguish known as spiritual depression. Now, let us reverse the picture, and see what may be said for the comfort of those who are sinking in these deep waters.

Shall we not say that the anguish itself, the baffled desire, even the horror of desertion, are real evidences of *life*? The plucked flower does not feel the difference between cloud and sun; the corpse does not shudder in the tomb. To reach out our empty hands, and hunger, and sigh for food, is how much better than to lie apathetic and listless on the sick bed, and turn away feebly from the richest morsels that wealth can purchase and affection offer! To waken, like a nervous child at midnight, and tremble and wonder that its mother does not move, is not so bad as to sit, like the prodigal at that same hour, amid the blaze of lamps and din of instruments, and quite forget the old man in a distant home, who is longing for his wandering son. You will say that you do not

shudder, nor hunger, nor yearn for a loving embrace. But, surely, that is a question of degrees; you have some wish, your very sadness and disquietude are something, and indeed they are likely to be deeper and more real than hysterical emotion, and lightly-provoked tears, that are often close enough to laughter. Doubtless, if the choice were given, of a brighter sky above the pilgrim soul, or all earthly treasure poured into your lap as you sat and idled by the road-side, you would not hesitate, nor dally with temptation; you would say, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." Look at the crowds in the market and the entertainment, of whom sadly many are without God or hope in the world, and think how much more hopeful is the smart in your soul than the mortification, the paralysis, in theirs!

And what if this sudden overclouding of your spirit were no sign of declension, but, on the contrary, an evidence of progress? Your former content may have been mixed with self-complacency; you may have supposed yourself much closer to God than you were truly. Many a sinful habit may have lurked, unperceived, within; and now this unwelcome gloom may be God's answer to a prayer like David's: "Search me, and try me: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." It may be the fulfilment of His gracious word: "If in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." For by many an unseen instrument does the Holy Spirit counterwork the soul's inclination to settle down in a life of routine, in a dull monotonous course, in which far too little is enjoyed, and far too little done. Sometimes he sends heavy blows of temporal calamity, to make the soul take refuge with himself. Sometimes he sends a gush of loving emotions, to make it despise meaner joys. But right often he withdraws his comforts, leaves the spirit to itself a while, makes it feel the pang of loneliness, the shock of seeming desertion, the tremor of deadly fear, that so it may more deeply know, by following on to know the Lord, and have the valley of Achor (which is Troubling) given to it for a door of hope. It is at such hours that we learn to say, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." You have been walking on thin ice, mistaking it for solid ground, and suddenly, through some providential rift, you have detected the black and sullen river racing underneath. Is the discovery a real loss, though its effect on your sensations is uncomfortable, or will it lead to more solid comfort by driving you to a better standing-place?

Or it may be the effect of clearer knowledge of God. A young disciple often thinks he has attained all blessing in one ecstatic moment. He no more

dreams of the Christian elevations, the heights and depths of love that may be sounded in a life renewed, than the infant who stretches its little fingers for the moon dreams of the abysses which lie between. And now that you have learned the difference by painful and dark experience, will you not gird up your loins to run with more energy and disciplined patience the race which God has set before you?

But, again, there are clear and specific promises given to those who are thus tried. Here is a precious word: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys." And like an echo of the same note, sounding back mellowed yet and deeper, from the cleft of everlasting hills, from the bosom of the Rock of Ages: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

Or, what do you make of this verse, which seems to take you at the very worst, even at your own gloomy rating of yourself?—"The bruised reed, the smoking flax." Look at the reed by the river-side; once it tossed like a plume in the breezes, and swayed gracefully with the eddies of the stream; now it hangs drearily and hopelessly, and the sap scarcely finds its way into the crushed and mangled stem. Break it off! Or, look at the half-extinguished pile of flax—nothing blazed up more splendidly for a moment; but it has almost been trodden out; and nothing is left but a sour and gloomy smoke (fit emblem of an agitated mind), to say that it is not extinguished. Quench it! "Alas," the despondent heart would say, "these are fair types of my decline!" Well, then, listen to this: "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth."

For, indeed, these doubts and fears are born of a complete mistake. God, not man, is the author of our hope. God's immutability, not man's fancied perfections, are the true medicine for a disquieted soul. "Thou hast been our dwelling-place throughout all generations." Trust in God, no matter how your spirits flutter, and your faith shall save you, as when the woman touched the garment of our Lord, though she came to him with fear and trembling. He who entrusts himself to some noble vessel, shares its buoyancy, although his heart sinks at every bounding billow; and he whom God has shut in, like Noah in the ark, is no longer at the mercy of his own nerves.

It is a fact that Christ died; it is a fact that his merit is only-sufficient and all-sufficient; and if he has spoken peace to you, and undertaken your cause, and made himself your advocate, the result

is no longer staked upon feelings that too often ebb and flow, as clouds drift across the sky.

We value our comforts far too much when we set them in the place of evidences. We are saved by the cross, by the High Priest, by the sanctifying Spirit in our hearts; and God is glorified when we trust him in the midnight of depression, as much as when we trust him at the noon of joy.

Observe that the sacraments, the pledges and symbols, and to faith the pregnant vehicles of grace, are both done for you, not by you. It is not yourselves that apply the water, or break the bread; you simply receive these, God's inestimable benefits. Learn therefore not to lash your feelings up into a storm of hysterical excitement, and by convulsive efforts to rend off the veil that obscures your privileges—that veil is mist and vapour, it will only mock your efforts; but lift up your hearts to your loving Saviour, and trust in the Sun of Righteousness to scatter it. Confess to Satan all he says of your unworthiness; but

meet him with God's all-sufficiency, and he will soon withdraw, and the emancipated soul shall sing, "In these (God's ways) is continuance, and we shall be saved, though all our righteousness be as filthy rags, and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."

Remember how the Psalmist traces his own course, first from joy to darkness, and then back to confidence again: "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." But when a change came, the tried soul knew where to turn. "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. I cried to thee, O Lord; and unto my Lord I made supplication. Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; to the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever."

## JUDAH'S MATRONS WEEP THE LORD.

**W**OMEN, weep ye to behold,  
Suffering, and what seems disgrace,  
Touched to see such sorrow told  
On that gentle, weary face?

Think ye, mothers, of your sons,  
And His mother's pang to-day?  
Or, ye tender-hearted ones,  
Weep ye, why ye cannot say?

Else hath some flame-winged word,  
Cleaving inward to the soul,  
Your pure bosoms keenly stirred  
With the pain that maketh whole?

Ah! ye need to wail and cry  
For the bitter times to come;  
Better, better far to die,  
Than await those days of doom.

Priest and elder triumph here,  
Deeming they shall crush a foe;  
Truest Friend with stroke severe  
Judah's foes are smiting low.

Green the boughs, yet blazing fierce—  
Ah! what flame shall burn the dry?  
When the blunt spear thus can pierce,  
Who the sharpened lance would try?

Rome's proud veterans to-day  
Treat your King with victor scorn:  
They shall glut their rage, and slay  
Thousands no far distant morn.

Blest, O blest the breasts that ne'er  
Baby lips have softly pressed!  
Yea, to sleep in Jesus, ere  
Those dread days, were doubly blest!

Close in covert of the glen,  
In the caverns dim and deep,  
Judah's bleeding lion then  
Fain would hide his wounds, and weep.

Or where wide o'erhanging rock  
Guards the narrow mountain-path,  
Where the giddy steep should mock  
Foemen in their utmost wrath.

Then, too, boon most dearly sought,  
Sharp decision, speedy death;  
Dying—buried—where they fought,  
Those their battered walls beneath.

Crashing bulwarks, bolts hurled in,  
Cover with no stain of shame;  
But when hosts the sack begin,  
There are deeds too dark to name.

Mourn not Him, but mourn your own;  
Theirs the crime and theirs the woe;  
Guilt your tears will not atone  
Sin for which His life-streams flow.

"Blood of His on you and yours!"  
Aye!—the blood of sacrifice;  
When,\* where blood with water pours,  
Penitent ye turn your eyes.

W. JOSEPH SMITH.

\* "They shall look on him whom they pierced" (John xix. 37).

## THE PRINCIPLE OF COMPENSATION.



NOTWITHSTANDING the apparently partial distribution of what we call Fortune's gifts, thoughtful persons have always remarked that the goods and ills of life are nearly equally divided among the human race; and this truth has never been better illustrated than by the Vision of the *Spectator*, in which Jupiter bids all mankind lay their burdens in a heap, on the sole condition of each one choosing, out of the enormous mass of sufferings, any other which he may prefer to his own. Little doubting that it will be easy to find a lighter load, every sufferer looks about for some trouble discarded by his neighbour. But what is his disappointment to find, on returning home, that the new burden, being strange to his shoulders, galls and oppresses him so much more than the one he was accustomed to, that, sinking down at last in despair, he prays Jupiter to give him back the old grievance, and relieve him of a weightier woe.

In other planets and unseen worlds there may be medes of existence pure, simple, and altogether different from ours. Here all is chequered. Good and evil, happiness and misery, pleasure and pain, are interlaced like tangled skeins, and no efforts of man, in a right or wrong direction, can wholly unravel them. Imperfection marks all that comes to us, all that is in us, all that springs from us; but this imperfection is rendered tolerable, and even pleasant, by the chain of compensation which encircles the whole, and links every drawback with a corresponding advantage. The visible universe, the world of intellect, and the dispensations of Providence are rife with examples; and, if we analyse the workings of our minds, we shall discover that, in our waking hours, we are incessantly recognising the principle of compensation, and balancing the right and wrong, the beauty and deformity, the worth and vileness, of all that we meet. This is done, of course, with more or less accuracy, in proportion as persons' moral and mental perceptions are fine or dull; and the religious man will always be on his guard against ascribing to human sources too much of the good, or to his Maker any of the evil.

In Nature, there are no real defects: all is perfect; but, in describing what compensation means, we are obliged to adopt the language of daily life, and say that it is the supply of one part when another is defective. The crane, for example, has no web-feet, and therefore cannot swim. But, to remedy this deficiency, it is provided with long legs for wading and a long bill for groping in the marshes and shallows. Thus, dark passages in the economy of the intellectual world find their

parallel in the mute creation. When one advantage is given, another is withheld. How could the elephant, with his short neck, have fed on the leaves, fruit, and branches of trees—how could he have drunk from brooks and wells, if he had been left without a proboscis? This long cartilaginous pipe, with its ringlets and fibres, is to him a precious compensation. He contracts and lengthens it at will; he turns it in every direction, and with its fleshy extremity can pick up even a straw from the ground. If animals could converse together, what delightful talk they might have over their several compensations! If the turkeys and geese were twitted with their want of teeth, they might reply: "Our gizzard is more to us than any teeth, and grinds down our grains and grasses like a mill." The sheep, the deer, and the oxen might say to the horse and ass: "We do not envy you your foreteeth in the upper jaw, although you are so fond of them. You never ruminate, and know nothing of our pleasure in chewing the cud." If the sloth were upbraided for his tardy movements, he might offer this excuse: "If I crawled faster, I should die of repletion. My appetite is keen; my food coarse and hard. It digests while I travel at leisure from tree to tree." The spider would own that he lives on flies, and yet has no wings to pursue them; but he would not feel humiliated by this confession. "My web," he would add, "is a first-rate contrivance. The flies catch themselves, and I eat them. I can do without wings." But of all living things none would tell a more lively tale than the lobster. "Mine," he would say, "is certainly a curious case. The shell of my friend the tortoise grows at the sutures, and the bivalves around me grow bigger by accretions at the edges of their shell; but my coat of armour is so hard and complex, that I can neither expand nor unbuckle it. As to drawing my legs out of these boots, it is impossible. I should be in a fix indeed, if it were not that, once a year, my shell softens, my body swells, the seams open, and, without any trouble on my part, the claws burst at the joints. One more spasm, and the business is settled. The old husk drops off, and, with rather a singular sensation, I retire into my hole in the rocks. My body grows apace; a fresh concretion of humour overspreads the surface; and in two days my new suit is complete. It is quite easy, and fits beautifully." Thus they would go on comparing notes.

Passing from the animal to the vegetable world, compensation meets us at every turn. Singular defects require singular substitutes. The mistletoe will not take root in the earth. It is the only plant whose roots cannot be induced to shoot





(Drawn by F. M. WIMPERIS.)

"With many a turn,  
The river flows  
Through spangled rows  
Of feathery fern."—p. 633.

in the ground. How then does it grow? Its seeds are so adhesive, that, if rubbed on the smooth bark of a tree, they will stick to it. The roots which spring from these seeds insinuate their fibres into the trunk or branches, and the result is that the tree next winter bears a mistletoe plant. The autumnal crocus, which looks so unprotected without calyx or leaves, hides its seed-vessel, not, like other plants, within the cup of the flower, but twelve inches underground in the bulbous root, where no frost can reach it. So you need not pity the "meadow saffron." Far from being defenceless, it has a principle of reproduction more deeply seated than that of any of its mates of the lea.

Those who have travelled through the forests of Canada, describe a strange contrast between the gorgeousness of the scenery and the roughness of the way. Their vehicle often sinks, axle-tree deep, into mud-holes, whence the jaded horses could never drag it without the help of man. Their bones are disjointed, while they are tumbled along over trunks of trees, laid across swamps or "corduroy roads;" and their hands swell and blister by constantly grasping, with all their strength, an iron bar of the conveyance. Wheels and broken shafts by the road-side remind them of former disasters; and when at last they reach a lonely little inn, it is with aching limbs that they sit down to a primitive repast. But have they no compensation for this wearisome toil? Abundance. They have passed through scenes of matchless grandeur, and the rough road was skirted everywhere with beauty that can never fade from their memory. There, in untrodden depths of foliage, which the noon-tide sun only partially lights up, silence is unbroken, save by an insect's hum, a bird's low cry, or the splash and croak of a bull-frog. Canadian robins, with scarlet stomachs; canary-like birds of a bright yellow; blue-birds, with their violet plumage; and woodpeckers, like field-officers, in black, white, and scarlet, float overhead, or flit among the branches; while an eagle is often seen in the blue firmament above, sailing on motionless wings. The earth is literally hidden with flowers—living gems—azalias, rhododendrons, lobelias, and parasitical plants, trailing from bough to bough, in rich festoons. The purple iris and the pink columbine, the geranium-coloured orchis, "moccasin-flowers" of various dyes, the lychnis, the larkspur, and a thousand nameless blossoms, with endless diversity of figure and ornament, cluster together without confusion, and embroider the wilderness that surrounds the woods. All this, and more, is the traveller's grand compensation. He has often laughed over the jolting and bruising it cost him; but he knows that this virgin magnificence of landscape would soon be despoiled, if the roads through the swamps and forests were mac-

adamised, and railways invaded the recesses sacred to the wigwam and the wild-cat.

It is thus in the journey of life; nor could we bear the burden and heat of a single day, if we did not find compensation in our path. When the Israelites were scorched and thirsting, after long journeying through the serpent-infested sands of the desert, "they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees, and they encamped there by the waters." The annals of the chosen people are a history of compensation. The Seed of the woman is set off against the serpent; the rainbow against the deluge; the milk and honey of Canaan against the bondage of Egypt; the rebuilding of the Temple on Mount Sion against the harp unstrung on the willows by the waters of Babylon. The prophecies were uttered in seasons of depression; and the breaking off of some branches was the grafting in of the wild olive. Ancient Greece, long divided into petty states; fell at last under the power of Rome, and was subsequently still further dismembered by the Crusaders and the Turks; but she was all the while acquiring more and more influence in education and the world of letters, till at last she attained in the schools that intellectual supremacy which men of the largest understanding are the last to dispute. Spain in the seventeenth century lost her preponderance in Europe, but consolidated her power in vast regions of the West.

The mind that dwells habitually on compensations rather than defects is much to be envied. Charles Lamb has humorously described the pleasures of sickness and a small income; and, although he does not mean all that he writes to be taken to the letter, it shows that he was fond of looking at the bright side of things. In composition, as in other matters, it is seldom or never that all excellence is combined. Defects there will be, and the only question is—what are the compensations?—Shakespeare is not epic; Milton is not humorous; Pope is not dramatic; Wordsworth has no fire, and Byron rarely dwells on the minute details of natural objects. The humour of one nation is distinct from that of another, and therefore cannot easily be translated. "Hudibras," or the "Ingoldsby Legends," would lose as much in a German dress as "The Jobiad" of Dr. Kortüm does in an English one. Scotch "wut" has always a solemn look, and assumes an air of superiority, personal or otherwise. Irish wit is pure fun, racy, jovial, and genial; French is light, sparkling, fugitive, and soon forgotten; and German is grim and formal, exhaustive in process, and provoking only a faint smile by its queer combinations. Yankee humour, of which "Artemus Ward" was the most popular specimen, is big and tall, like American

mountains and lakes. It excels in exaggeration, and is always superlative. The American "Joe Miller" is highly original, and beats "Punch," in the *United States*. Each of these kinds of wit, indeed, surpasses all the rest in the ears of those to whom it speaks in their mother tongue, and with local associations. Thus all things discrepant are adjusted and harmonised by the principle of

compensation. It is a divine balance, which weighs alike atoms and systems. It is a law as fixed as that of gravitation, exquisitely adapted to our imperfect and probationary condition, and equally full of wisdom and of mercy. It bounds our view like the horizon, in whatever way we turn, and pervades all Nature like vital air.

J. C. E.

## SUMMER.

HE leaves are green,  
The sky is clear,  
And far and near  
The rose is seen;  
From hawthorn screen  
Her odours blow,  
And violets grow  
Her roots between.

With many a turn,  
The river flows  
Through spangled rows  
Of feathery fern;  
Without concern  
She passes by,  
With careless eye,  
From burn to burn.

In time gone by,  
She wept in grief  
For one green leaf  
To bud anigh;  
For then her eye  
Saw no device,  
Save frost and ice,  
And stormy sky.

But now her way  
Is all so bright,  
There is no night  
To dull her day;  
In bend and bay,  
Such beauty sits,  
She quite forgets  
Her yesterday.

BURTON WOLLASTON.

## THE HALF-SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

AND, if you please, sir, there's a gentleman been waiting for you this hour past, and he's a getting so impatient."

"Yes, that I am! and no mistake about it. Well, old fellow, and how do you do, at last?"

A young man, stylishly dressed, had stepped out of the little sitting-room, and now interrupted the communication of Alfred Kingston's landlady, by shaking her lodger cordially by the hand.

"Why, it is Clarence Hargraves. How surprised I am! who would have thought of seeing you here?" said Alfred Kingston, amazed.

"I am here, though; and pretty dull I have found it, kicking my heels together in this—what do you call it—a cell?"

Alfred Kingston laughed.

"It's the place I live in," he replied.

"Ah! slow as ever, I find—and rusty, eh? Haven't a cigar about the premises, I warrant. Do you object to smoking?"

"Not out of the house."

"I wonder you contrive to exist."

"I do contrive it though, somehow," returned Alfred Kingston, with a smile.

"Well, perhaps you may exist. I live! and that is a different matter."

"What is the difference, pray?"

"Oh! the difference between a thing that vegetates, and a creature who—well, who drives tandem, dines at Richmond, and so forth. Anything to drink, old boy?"

"Yes, coffee."

"Now that's really too bad! You had better offer me milk and bread."

"I will, if you prefer it."

"Ah!" and Clarence Hargraves, who was a good-looking young fellow, with a pair of capital eyes, and a moustache curled and trimmed to perfection, threw himself into a chair. "I see you are just the same; years have brought about no improvement whatever in you."

He said it pleasantly, and he had a pleasant voice. He was attractive, in spite of his flippancy.

"Well, if I must have coffee, I must; but when a fellow is used to his bottle of wine—"

"I have wine."

"Have you! come, out with it; that's glorious!" and he roused himself up with alacrity.

"But it's cowslip."

Clarence Hargraves fell back in his chair with a gesture of entire prostration.

"I am very sorry, I am sure," said Alfred Kingston, hastily; "but I never drink wine."

"Don't! don't!" and he waved his hand, with an air of languid deprecation: "you will be telling me next that you are a teetotaler."

"I am, practically."

Clarence Hargraves groaned aloud.

"Come," said his friend in a tone of encouragement, and excessively amused, he knew the man well, "come, I can offer you some cold meat."

"Cold meat—midway between lunch and dinner?"

"I have dined, you see, some hours ago," said Alfred Kingston, quietly; "this is my tea-time."

"Bless you for an antediluvian!—that's not the right word, either! I say, this is capital coffee," said Clarence Hargraves, reviving.

"I am glad you like it."

"Now tell me something about yourself. Are you still in the old rut?"

"I would rather you told me something about yourself," replied Alfred Kingston, gravely, and with reserve.

"Willingly; I haven't much to tell, though. You know my eldest brother is dead."

"I saw it in the papers."

"There was no love lost between us. But I've come into his property. It is a nice little property, too, if I knew what to do with it."

"Why don't you invest it?"

"I shall, I daresay, when I have had my fling."

"And spent it all," rejoined Alfred Kingston, with a meaning look.

"No; oh, no! I am grown extremely cautious in these latter days. I am really quite saving."

Alfred Kingston laughed.

"Besides I am looking out for a wife."

"Indeed."

"Yes—and I have heard of one that will suit me to admiration."

"Who is she, pray? if it is not an impertinent question."

"Not at all; you are quite welcome to the knowledge. She is niece to one of your rich manufacturers down here; Chillingham, his name is."

"Chillingham! what! do you mean Miss Hensman?"

"Miss Hensman is her name; but I call her Sophy. Sophy is so much the prettiest."

"Dear me! why I am acquainted with Miss Hensman," said Alfred Kingston, in a tone of interest.

"Are you? that's capital! You'll stand by me, won't you?"

"I have no influence whatever," replied Alfred Kingston.

"Never mind; I can stand on my own legs. I have an introduction to Mr. Chillingham. See, there's the lady."

He took a small parcel from his pocket, and disclosed to view a coloured photograph of Sophy Hensman.

"There she is! I begged it of a mutual friend—

the lady whose husband gave me the introduction. Isn't she pretty?"

This was said of the portrait.

Alfred Kingston surveyed the picture with attention; he did not speak for some time. Then he said, "She is more than pretty; she is very lovely!"

"Nice wife, won't she make?" said Clarence Hargraves, who, with his elbows on the table, was surveying it too.

Alfred Kingston did not reply to this question.

"I shall ask her uncle to give me a hint about investment. What's your opinion?" said Clarence, as he carefully wrapped the photograph in silver paper, and put it in his pocket.

"Oh, if you ask me, I am cautious; I should say to all who can afford it—the funds."

"The funds won't suit me," replied Clarence Hargraves, making a wry face at the proposal. "I want to get a first-rate per-centage; I hate your three-and-a-half; it's not worth having."

"There is the security, you know," began Alfred Kingston.

"Oh! security be hanged; a certain amount of risk is pleasant."

"Everybody to their taste; I dislike risks myself," said Alfred Kingston, quietly.

"I should think you never ran a risk in your life."

A tinge of colour came into Alfred's face as his friend uttered the words; but he said, a minute after, resuming the subject, "Mortgages are always good investments."

"Not more than four-and-a-half though, or at most five; I call that beggarly!"

"Why, what would you have?" asked Alfred, amused.

"I can't tell yet; I shall be able to answer that question when I have consulted Mr. Hector Chillingham."

"I should think you could not do better than consult him," said Alfred Kingston, thoughtfully; "he is one of the most fortunate men in the city."

"And Sophy's uncle," added the other, emphatically.

Again Alfred Kingston was silent.

"I say, will you go with me to-morrow to the Chillingham's? I am making my first call."

"No, thank you," replied Alfred Kingston, coldly.

"Nice people, are they not?"

"They are very fortunate ones, I believe," resumed his friend.

"Ah! and that's pretty much the same thing; we are sure to be nice if we do well in the world. I say, I hope I shall succeed."

"In the investment, or in the other speculation you hinted at?" asked Alfred Kingston, a little sarcastically.

"Oh, in both; I think I am sure of the lady."

"Have you ever seen her?"

"No, not yet; but that does not at all signify. I am in love with her picture."

Alfred Kingston relapsed into silence.



"I say, what am I to do with myself down here?" said his friend, changing the subject.

"I should have thought you had enough on your hands, Clarence, without asking such a question as that."

"So I shall when I begin to court. Did you ever go courting, old boy?"

"Never."

He spoke in his usual quiet manner; but there was the same tinge of colour in his cheek that faded when he had ceased to speak.

"Do you mean to be an old bachelor?"

The flush deepened, and a look of pain came into his face; but he replied, calmly as ever—

"I am not prepared to answer such an inquiry as that; I know not yet what Providence may have in store for me."

"Ah! I forgot: you are religious." He said it, not in scorn, but in wonder; half, too, in admiration. "You always were religious, from a boy; you should have been a parson."

Again the look of pain, tempered with resignation; again the secret enforcement of the lesson—submission, entire submission to the will of God. But when his friend had gone, promising to call again to-morrow, Alfred Kingston quite regained his cheerfulness. He spent his evening in his usual quiet manner, reading and writing; but, amid it all, there would run in his mind a train of thought foreign to it, and called up by the visit of Clarence Hargraves. Ever and anon he kept asking himself the question, and he wondered why he did so, it was so utterly irrelevant—"Will she accept him?" she, meaning Sophy Hensman.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. HECTOR CHILLINGHAM'S manufactory, in North Street, Workstone, was, if not so large, far more pretentious than that of Anthony Morris. It did not stand on so much ground, but it was more elaborate in its frontage. Like his house, it was built to make an appearance. Its stone facings and ornaments, as his brother manufacturers said, would cost a pretty penny, and so, no doubt, they did; but Mr. Hector Chillingham had sacrificed a great deal in the course of his lifetime to that expressive word, "show." The room in which he received his business friends was very unlike plain Anthony Morris's snug little sanctum; it was, in fact, quite a splendid apartment, large and lofty, and with a Brussels carpet and a good deal of expensive furniture. It looked well, he said; and to invest his entire territory with an air of boundless wealth was part of his policy.

But natural instinct prevailed over policy, even here. To match with the shabby back parlour in the Grove was a tiny, wretched-looking cell, bare of carpet, or any kind of luxury, in which he was generally shut up, and from which he would emerge when persons called upon him, and receive them in the handsome room just described. Here, standing on his hearthrug before the fire, he would put on an

air of profound humility, in reply to their flattering comments, and talk of his "little snuggerly" and his few bits of things he had contrived to scrape together he did not quite know how.

It was here that he received Clarence Hargraves, who had taken the earliest opportunity of paying his respects to the richest and most prosperous man in Workstone. This was the estimation in which Mr. Hector Chillingham had long been held, both in town and country.

"You can't do better than consult him," "His opinion is worth having," "He'll put you in the right way," had been said, in reply to sundry inquiries made by Clarence on this head. And in high good humour, and feeling implicit confidence, Clarence had driven to the door of Mr. Chillingham's warehouse in North Street.

"Of course he will invite me to the Grove," he had said, as he rode, "and then I shall see Sophy."

Mr. Hector Chillingham was in his luxurious easy chair by the fire, reading his *Times* newspaper, when the young man entered. His whole appearance was that of a fortunate individual, who has pretty well mastered his position, and can afford himself leisure for the indulgence. He did not, in the slightest degree, know who was meant by "Mr. Hargraves," the name announced to him.

"Hargraves, of Todmoor, Somerset, you know," said Clarence, glancing round the pretentious apartment, and then at the pinched, spare physiognomy of Mr. Chillingham.

"Hargraves of Todmoor! pray take a chair. Let me see; there was a Zachariah Hargraves, whom I once had the pleasure—"

"Exactly; he was my uncle—Uncle Zach. we used to call him. He is dead."

"Indeed!" with an emphasis on the last syllable.

"Yes, he is. He was a man in easy circumstances," said Clarence, fearing to talk of wealth to such a favourite of fortune as Mr. Hector Chillingham, and yet feeling that in this balance all his associations would be weighed.

"I remember; so he was. He had a nice little property down there—very nice little property, indeed," said Mr. Chillingham, regarding his visitor with increasing complacency.

"It came to my brother. It was in hard cash, too, not in lands. Just before my uncle died, he sold his small estate," again speaking with humility. "It was a troublesome estate to manage; and there wanted too many repairs to make it answer. He left fifteen thousand pounds in solid money behind him."

"And very nice too," said Mr. Chillingham, leaning back in his chair, and attentively scanning the countenance of his visitor.

It was as good-looking a face as any one need wish to see. There was an openness about it, and a frank good humour, that were sufficient to atone for many faults. And Clarence Hargraves was, like most of us, far removed from perfection.

"It was rather nice," he replied, continuing the

subject in hand. "It came to my brother. There were but two of us, and we were orphans."

"Your brother?" A perceptible change took place in the spare physiognomy of Mr. Chillingham. "Why on earth does he come bothering me with these details," thought he, "when, after all, it is only his *brother*?" And Mr. Chillingham glanced hastily at his watch, as though some engagement were looming in the distance.

Clarence Hargraves took no notice of this hint. "My brother and I were not friends—I regret it very much," he continued. He had settled himself in the opposite chair, as though he had no intention of vacating it at present.

Mr. Chillingham looked somewhat sourly at him. It was not his custom to receive mere morning calls. "Unless something can be got by it," he was used to observe.

"I regret it very much, now, Mr. Chillingham, now that he is dead."

"Dead?"

Mr. Chillingham was all attention, in a moment.

"Yes; he died last December. I did not expect he would have left me a shilling, for we were not on speaking terms. But he did. He left me all that he had."

"That was right. I am very glad to hear it," said Mr. Chillingham, with increasing interest. "Why couldn't he say so at first?" added he to himself.

"He did—he left me fifteen thousand pounds."

"Well, I'm sure, it's very nice," replied Mr. Chillingham using his favourite expression, and again studying the countenance of Clarence Hargraves.

"Now, Mr. Chillingham, I have taken the liberty of calling on you to consult you. I am a mere novice;" and he laughed good humouredly. "What am I to do with it?"

"With the fifteen thousand?"

"Yes; it's lying in the bank idle. I must set it to work, you know;" and he laughed again.

"Had not your brother invested it in anything?"

"No; he died too quickly. He did not hold possession of it more than six months."

"Ah! very sad; but life is so uncertain, my dear sir, is it not?"

A few minutes' silence followed this speech.

"I was recommended to you," again began Clarence "because I am told your advice would be valuable to me. I have not the least idea what to do!"

"I am sure you are very complimentary, Mr. Hargraves, said the rich man, smiling with great benignity. "Yes, I have a *little* experience," added he, humbly, and looking round upon his costly furniture.

"You have been so successful yourself, Mr. Chillingham. Everybody says you are the richest manufacturer in Workstone."

"Well, yes, I have made a little money—just a little," said Mr. Chillingham, with a smile, and again glancing round.

"I wish you would kindly give me a hint about investment," continued his visitor; "it would be

most acceptable. I really want to do the best I can with my capital."

"That's right, Mr. Hargraves; that shows you are a sensible young man. Really, the young men of our day," and he shook his head with a deprecatory air.

"I know, they are sad dogs," said Clarence, carelessly; "but, indeed, I don't see the use of having money unless you take care of it: "and I do mean to take care of it—for the future," added he, to himself, as if satisfying a qualm of conscience.

"Exactly. Well, now, my dear sir, what were you thinking of?" asked Mr. Chillingham, drawing his chair forward, and assuming a tone of confidence. "Let me know your intentions, first of all."

"I really have no intentions. I am quite a novice, as I told you before. I want advice, Mr. Chillingham."

"Well, I shall be most happy to give it; but surely among your own friends, down in Somersetshire——"

"Oh! my own friends——"

He stopped suddenly, and in confusion.

"The fact is, Mr. Chillingham, my own friends, as you are pleased to call them, are not men of business."

"Ah! that makes a difference, doesn't it?" replied the other, thoughtfully.

"Oh, a vast difference; what does a doctor or a person know about the money market?"

Mr. Chillingham shook his head.

"Of course he does not know anything," continued Clarence, eagerly, "so I am come to you."

"Well, Mr. Hargraves," and he rubbed his hands complacently, "though it's I who say it, you really could not have come to a better person."

"I am sure I could not," cried the other, half impatiently; "so now, if you please, will you answer my question: what am I to do with my money?"

An expression of extraordinary acuteness came into the face of Mr. Chillingham; a series of those expressions might have brought it to its present state of sharpness and sparseness. He keenly surveyed the open countenance of Clarence Hargraves. Implicit confidence, and a great desire to save himself trouble, were the prominent ideas stamped thereon.

"Now, Mr. Hargraves, as a preliminary step, just to prevent misunderstanding, what kind of interest do you expect?"

"Oh! I want as much interest as I can get," replied Clarence, laughing.

"As much interest as you can get," he repeated the words slowly, and with emphasis; "then, of course, the funds won't do."

"I should think not!" replied Clarence, impatiently.

"No; but I always recommend them first," and his keen eye searched out the thoughtless, handsome eye of the other; "it depends on how you wish to live."

"Well, I want to live jolly, and enjoy myself!" cried Clarence, getting more into his natural tone, in proportion as he felt more sociable with Mr. Hector Chillingham.

"Quite right, my young friend—quite right! youth is the time for enjoyment. But, you see, the interest of fifteen thousand at five per cent.——"

"I want more than five per cent.—a great deal more," said Clarence Hargraves: "else I'll live on the principal," said he to himself.

"More than five per cent.!" echoed Mr. Chillingham, lifting up his hands.

"I would like to take shares in something; mines, for instance."

"They are most unsafe; hundreds of people have been ruined by them."

"Have they!" said Clarence, carelessly; "well, I don't particularly hang to mines."

"We shall find something better than that for you, I hope, Mr. Hargraves. Even a bank——"

"I'll have nothing to do with banks; it's an ugly business if a bank breaks."

"So it is; very ugly indeed."

"I say," cried Clarence, bursting out with a startling proposition, "why can't I put my money into one of these great business concerns here in Workstone? What would it pay me?"

"Twenty per cent."

"No!"

Mr. Chillingham was now standing before the fire, his hands in his pockets.

"Perhaps thirty."

"I say, Mr. Chillingham, you're not serious."

"I am, really."

"But then there's the risk; of course there is a great risk," said Clarence Hargraves, thoughtfully.

"Well, no more risk there than anywhere else; there's risk in everything, you know."

"So there is."

Mr. Chillingham held his peace for a short time after this. Clarence Hargraves stared into the fire.

"I tell you what, Mr. Chillingham," said he at length, in a more serious and reflective tone than was usual to him, "I have a very great mind to run that risk."

"You had better consult your friends," said Mr. Chillingham, looking at his watch; "that is my advice to you."

"Still, excuse me, I must beg a few more minutes. This investment affair is bothering me to death."

"I can spare you just one quarter of an hour," resumed Mr. Chillingham, putting up his watch.

"Thank you. Well, now suppose you took the money, and let me be sleeping partner. Is not that what you call it?"

Mr. Chillingham smiled a smile of forbearance, mingled with astonishment, at the ignorance of his visitor.

"Why not?" demanded Clarence, impatiently.

"My dear young friend, I am greatly obliged by the offer, but, in a business like mine, a partner with only fifteen thousand pounds would be of very little use."

Clarence opened his eyes wide at this remark.

"It is a fact, Mr. Hargraves. The capital turned over in my business is enormous—positively enormous!"

Clarence reflected a moment, a look of disappointment in his face.

"Well, Mr. Chillingham, suppose, then, you let me put the money in *your* hands, and you paid me twenty per cent."

"Stop, stop, my friend! you are going too fast by a great deal. When did I say I either could or would pay twenty per cent.?"

"You told me some of these great concerns did," said Clarence, eagerly, "or even thirty. Those were your very words."

"Well, so I did—so I did; but, Mr. Hargraves, I never said those firms were safe. In fact, they are not safe, they are risky."

"That's very unlucky, though," said Clarence, looking very blank.

"It's a fact, Mr. Hargraves. Now, my concern, though it can't offer such an unreasonable percentage, is like the Bank of England—just like the Bank of England," and his hand began to feel again for the watch.

Clarence looked eagerly at him.

"I say, what per-centage would you give? You do take people's money, I suppose, and put it out for them? Excuse me if I speak bluntly. I see you are in a hurry, and I'm blunt by nature."

"Of course I do, Mr. Hargraves. People are only too glad to get their money into my hands. Why it doubles itself in the course of a few years. But I am old and cautious. I don't pretend to offer more than twelve per cent."

"Twelve!" exclaimed Clarence, extremely disconcerted, after the late brilliant suggestions—"only twelve!"

"Twelve, and *safety*, Mr. Hargraves. But you have all the rest to choose from. Pray don't let me influence you in any way. By-the-bye, when can you come and dine with us? I have a little place, outside the city, where I can receive a friend now and then. Will you come on Thursday?"

"I beg your pardon," cried Clarence, rousing himself from a fit of abstraction. "Come on Thursday? Oh, yes, with pleasure. We can talk the matter over, you know."

"We are plain people, my wife and I. We dine at five. I shall tell her you will come," replied Mr. Chillingham, ringing the bell. "Excuse me, but a gentleman has been waiting this half hour. My time is not my own here, Mr. Hargraves."

"I beg your pardon. I know I have been very troublesome, but I will go at once. Good morning, Mr. Chillingham."

"Good morning to you, Mr. Hargraves. Remember, Thursday," added he, as Clarence passed out of the door, held open for him by the clerk in attendance. "Now, Robson, the gentleman can come in," continued Mr. Chillingham, in a somewhat fatigued tone, and leaning back in his easy chair. "Let me see," and he took out his tablets; "Thursday at five. Hargraves to dinner. Matter of investment to be talked over. Has fifteen thousand to put out. That will do," and he closed his tablets with a look of satisfaction. "Ah, more geese in the world than swans."

(To be continued.)

## TREASURE TROVE.

"WELL, Jenny," said old Mr. Storr, "and what have you brought me to-day?"

Jenny was Mr. Storr's only granddaughter, and she was also his greatest pleasure. She did not live very near him, but she never missed her Saturday visit. Rain or shine, snow or fog, there was always a sunbeam in the old gentleman's heart and house on that day. He was the father of many children, and not one of them had departed from the godly ways in which their parents had trained them; but some, like their mother, were "fallen asleep," and others had gone far away, and none seemed now so dear and near to him as this firstling of a new generation—his little Jenny. He, in his quiet age, could find more sympathy for his grand-daughter's guileless sorrows and difficulties than for the cares and anxieties of his own mature children. He and Jenny stood aside from the busy world and watched it, and made comments upon it; comments whereat the busy world would wonder greatly, but from which it might take a few hints and be none the worse.

"Well, grandpapa," said Jenny, taking her accustomed seat on the stool beside him, "I've brought you a newspaper with such a wonderful story in it, all true, and yet as strange as a fairy tale!"

"Truth is often stranger than any fairy tale, my child," said Mr. Storr. "But tell me all about it; don't read it, tell it in your own words, Jenny."

"Down in some place by the sea,—let me just look at the name, grandpa,—it's name is West Hartlepool—one or two poor men went out at dawn, to search the shore for bits of coal and stick washed up from sorrowful wrecks,—how sad it must be to warm one's self by a fire made of wrecks! But this morning, these men found something much better than coal or stick—I shan't tell you what it was yet, grandpa—and instead of being soon satisfied, they could not bring themselves to leave the shore, but went on searching, searching till it was quite late. And I suppose other people noticed them, for more came, and more, and more; and whoever came, stayed, and dug up the sand, and every now and then picked up something, and became very triumphant! And at last there was quite a crowd on the beach; and even when evening came, they stayed there and lit torches. What do you think they found? Great silver coins!"

"Dear me," said Mr. Storr, "how came silver coins among the sand? surely no miser would hide his stores in such a place."

"No," answered Jenny, "they say a collier ship was wrecked on that spot many years ago, and before that ship belonged to the collier, it had been a wicked ship, which had carried poor stolen Africans to be slaves. And it is thought these coins were hidden in this ship, and have lain among the sunken timbers till a particular tide washed them up."

"If it were so," said Mr. Storr, "the slaver did not enjoy his wicked fortune. Well, thank God, that

sinful traffic is now almost washed from the face of the earth."

"It must have been nice to find the coins," pondered Jenny.

"Fortunes are better made by *earning* than *finding*," Jenny," replied her grandfather. "Finding sometimes ruins people. It seems such quick easy work, they can't bear little daily gettings after it. I hope the West Hartlepool people won't forget the driftwood while they look for the coins!"

"But still it is nice to find treasure," persisted Jenny. "I could never help envying your old neighbour, Mr. Dartle, who found two five-pound notes in the old book his father had bought at a sale years before."

"It did not do poor Dartle much good," said Mr. Storr; "he spent it on a fine Brussels carpet, which did not match his other furniture, and kept him quite uneasy in his mind all the rest of his days. No, Jenny," continued the old gentleman, a thoughtful gravity settling on his contented face; "instead of wishing to *find* treasure, let us be careful not to waste it."

"Waste treasure!" exclaimed Jenny. "What treasure have I to waste? I never have more than seven or eight shillings at a time, and mother always tells me how to spend them, except when she lets me choose a book."

"You have treasure, Jenny," said Mr. Storr, "and I know you sometimes waste it."

"I can't think what you mean, grandfather," mused Jenny, presently. "Don't tell me yet; let me try and guess. Have you any of this treasure?"

"Not so much as you have,—at least in all probability, my dear."

"And have I much, dear grandpapa?"

"I do not know; only God knows, my love. He gives it you by little pieces."

"I don't think you can mean health or learning."

"No, I do not," said Mr. Storr. "What I mean, is a treasure you can have without these, you have it while you have life: nothing can take it from you."

"Can I give it away?" asked Jenny.

"You can *throw* it away, my child, but no one can find it, you cannot even find it again yourself. It is a thing which once gone is lost, and no tears, and no repentance can restore it."

"What can it be?" said Jenny, softly. "It seems very solemn. It must be worth a great deal."

"It is the raw material of everything in the world," replied her grandfather. "It can be improved and made into wealth and comfort and happiness, or thrown away in exchange for poverty and sorrow. More than that, Jenny, it is the stepping-stone to eternity. Depend on it, lost souls yearn for nothing more than for one other fragment of the precious gift they once threw away."

"I know what it is," said Jenny, looking up with swimming eyes; "the great treasure is 'Time.'"

L. F.